

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And have you Nuns no farther priuiledges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. Yes truly; I speake not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Isa. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*.

Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
 You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:
 When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,
 But in the presence of the *Prioresse*;
 Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
 Or if you show your face, you must not speake:
 He calls againe: I pray you answer him.

Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that calls?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheekes-Roses
 Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,
 As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*?

A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister

To her vnhappy brother *Claudio*?

Isa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,

The rather for I now must make you know

I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;

Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,

He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:

He hath got his friend with childe.

Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,

With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to leese his

Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:

I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,

By your renouncement, an immortall spirit

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,

As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,

Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;

As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time

That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings

To teeming foynson: euen so her plenteous wombe

Expresth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Inliet*?

Luc. Is she your cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names

By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;

Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)

In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,

By those that know the very Nerves of State,

His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance

From his true meant designe: vpon his place,

(And with full line of his authority)

Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood

Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feelles

The wanton stings, and motions of the fence;

But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge

With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast

He (to giue feare to vs, and libertie,

Which haue, for long, run by the hideous law,

As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,

Vnder whole heauy fence, your brothers life

Fals into forfeit: he arrests him on it,

And followes close the rigor of the Statute

To make him an example: all hope is gone,

Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier

To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse

'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa. Doth he so,

Seeke his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him already,

And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant

For's execution.

Isa. Alas: what poore

Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Assay the powre you haue.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors

And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,

By feareing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*

And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue

Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,

All their petitions, are as freely theirs

As they themselues would owe them.

Isa. Ile see what I can doe.

Luc. But speedily.

Isa. I will about it strait;

No longer slaying, but to giue the Mother

Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:

Commend me to my brother: soone at night

Ile send him certaine word of my successe,

Luc. I take my leaue of you.

Isa. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,

Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,

And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it

Their perch, and not their terror.

Ese. I, but yet

Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little

Then fall, and bruike to death: alas, this gentleman

Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,

Let but your honour know

(Whom I beleue to be most strait in vertue)

That in the working of your owne affections,

Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of our blood

Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life

Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,

And puld the Law vpon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Esealus*)

Another

Another thing to fall: I not deny
 The Iury passing on the Prisoners life
 May in the sworne-twelve haue a thiefe, or two
 Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
 That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
 That theues do passe on theues? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
 We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
 And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.

Ese. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Prouost?

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to morrow morning,

Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,

For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.

Ese. Well: heauen forgie him; and forgie vs all:

Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:

Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,

And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter *Elbow*, *Froth*, *Clowne*, *Officers*.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good peo-

ple in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their

abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them

away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's

the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes

Constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iu-

stice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,

two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?

Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what

they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,

and void of all propination in the world, that good

Christians ought to haue.

Ese. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is

your name?

Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?

Cl. He cannot Sir: he's out at *Elbow*.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that

serues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)

pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now shee professes a

hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Ese. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and

your honour.

Ese. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest wo-

man.

Ese. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say Sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she,

that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pittie of her

life, for it is a naughty house.

Ese. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a wo-

man Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in forni-

cation, adultery, and

Ese. By the won

Elb. I fir, by Mist

in his face, so she de

Cl. Sir, if it plea

Elb. Proue it be

ble man, proue it.

Ese. Doe you hea

Cl. Sir, she came

(sauiug your honors

we had but two in the

time stood, as it were

penne; your honors

China-dishes, but ve

Ese. Go too: go o

Cl. No indeede

the right: but, to the

being (as I say) with

longing (as I said) for

the dish (as I said) M

uing eaten the rest (as

very honestly: for, as

giue you three pence:

Fro. No indeede.

Cl. Very well: y

(bred) cracking the ste

Fro. I, so I did inde

Cl. Why, very w

remembred) that such

cure of the thing you

diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is tru

Cl. Why very wel

Ese. Come: you ar

what was done to *Elb*

comaine of? Come

Cl. Sir, your hon

Ese. No fir, nor I n

Cl. Sir, but you

leau: And I beseech

fir, a man of foure-sc

died at *Hallowmas*:

Froth?

Fro. Allhallond-E

Cl. Why very wel

sitting (as I say) in a lo

of Grapes, where inde

you not?

Fro. I haue so, bec

for winter.

Cl. Why very wel

Ang. This will las

When nights are long

And leau you to the

Hoping youle finde g

Ese. I thinke no le

ship. Now Sir, come

wife, once more?

Cl. Once Sir? ther

Elb. I beseech you

my wife.

Cl. I beseech you

Ese. Well fir, what

Cl. I beseech you

good Master *Froth* loc

purpose: doth your h